a generrall prayse to her, and care in vs at whose expence
tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doest with thine Angells face ceaze with
thine Eagles talents.

Dion. Yere like one that superstitiously,
Doe sweare too'th Gods, that Winter kills
The Flies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I aduise.

Gower. Thus time we waste, & long leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockles, haue and wish but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To vse one language, in each seuerall clime,
Where our sceanes seemes to liue,
I doe beseech you
To learne of me who stand with gappes
To teach you.
The stages of our storie *Pericles*
Is now againe thwarting thy wayward seas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To see his daughter all his liues delight.
Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduancde in time to great and hie estate.
Well saying ships, and bounteous winds
Haue brought
This king to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilat thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them
Moue a while,
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

Enter

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his trayne, Cleon and Dioniza at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sacke-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gowr. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:
And *Pericles* in sorrowe all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showr'd.
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarques, hee sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his hayres:
Hee put on sack-cloth, and to Sea he beares,
A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet hee rydes it out, Nowe please you wit:
The Epitaph is for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dioniza*.

The fayrest, sweetest, and best lyes heere,
Who withered in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tyrus the Kings daughter,
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was shee call'd, and at her byrth,
Thetis being prowd, swallowed some part ath' earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis byrth-childe on the heauens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares sheele neuer stint,
Make raging Battery vpon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villanie,
So well as soft and tender flatterie:
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courses to be ordered;
By Lady *Fortune*, while our Steare must play,
His daughters woe and heauie welladay.
In her vnholie seruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Mittelin*.

Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?